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T H E  
LIFE *and* CHARACTER  
O F  
M. CATO of *Utica*.

**M**arcus Portius Cato was the Great-Grandson of that Cato, who by his Virtue and Excellence gain'd a wonderful Reputation and Authority amongst the *Romans*, and transmitted a Grandeur and Nobility to his Family, which before that Time it wanted; and which his famous Descendant, of whom I am here treating, by the signal Probity of his Life, and Glory of his Death, preserv'd and kept alive to all Posterity.

Our Cato, commonly called *Uticensis* from the Place of his Death, was born in the 659th Year from the *Building of Rome*, when *C. Calpurnius* and *L. Domitius Ahenobarbus* were *Consuls*; for he kill'd himself in the 48th Year of his Age, which was the 707th Year from the *Building of the City*, when the Great *Julius Caesar* was the third Time *Consul*, (and the second time *Dictator*) with *Marcus Aemilius Lepidus*.

He was, by the Loss of both his Parents, left an Orphan, and was bred up in the House of *Livius Drusus*, his Uncle by the Mother's side. From his very Infancy he discover'd those Seeds of Virtue in his Disposition, which naturally produc'd the Harvest of his After-Sentiments and Actions: The Accent and Delivery of his Words, the Frame of his Countenance, and even the very Diversions of his Childhood, were

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concurring Testimonies of a firm and inflexible Temper, that could neither easily be carried away with youthful Levities, or sway'd by more ungentle Passions. I shall not here trace him thro' the whole Course of his Youth, but only give an Instance from *Plutarch*, how early those Principles, and that Love of Liberty for his Country, were rooted in him; to which he Religiously adhered thro' all his Life, and to which he set the Seal of his Approbation in his memorable Death: Being now almost Fourteen Years old, and carried by his Tutor *Sarpedo* to *Sylla's* House, who was then *Dictator*, and who had formerly had a Friendship with *Cato's* Father, the young Gentleman saw the Heads of Great Men brought thither, who had fallen under the *Dictator's* Displeasure, and observing that all the Standers-by sigh'd in secret at the Repetitions of Cruelty, he turns to his Master, and with an Air of Indignation asks him, *Why does no body kill this Man?* The Master replying, *Because they all fear him, Child, more than they hate him?* *Why then* (says *Cato* again) *do you not give me a Sword that I may stab him, and free my Country from this Slavery?*

He seem'd indeed design'd a Pattern of Integrity, in Opposition to the general Corruption of the Times; for he thought the only Way to be honest, was to run counter to the Age, and not be ashamed of his own Singularities, but of his Contemporaries Vices: *He was a Man* (says *Velleius Paterculus*) *that was the very Picture of Virtue, and in all his Faculties more allied to the Perfection of the Gods than the Frailties of Man; who never did a good Action, in an Ostentation of Honesty, but because he could not recede from the Sentiments of Honour which were ingrafted in him, and only thought such Proceedings had Reason on their Side which were founded on Justice.* And *Cicero*, who writ a Treatise in his Praise, has given him this distinguishing Character: *Contingebat in eo, quod plerisque contra solet, ut majora omnia re, quam famâ viderentur; id quod non sæpe evenit, ut Expectatio à Cognitione, aures ab oculis vincerentur.* There was a particular Composition in his Nature, opposite to most other Characters, that all his Faculties were in a fairer Light in themselves, than in the Report of Men: And that, what but very rarely happens,

pens, all Expectations of him were more than answer'd in the Knowledge of him; and they were less beholding to their Ears than Eyes for the Reality of his Virtues.

Being now one and twenty Years Old, the *Gladiator's War* broke out in *Italy*, which was rais'd and fomented by one *Spartacus* a *Thracian*, who had perswaded seventy of his Fellow Swordsmen, that it would be much more Honourable for them to fight for their own Liberty, than the Diversion of *Rome*: *Lucius Gellius*, the *Consul*, was chosen *Prætor* of the Army to subdue the Rebels, and *Cato* entered himself a Voluntier under that General, for the love that he bore to his Brother *Capio*, who had the Command of a thousand Foot under the *Consul*. *Cato* soon met the Advancement he had so good a Title to; and was himself sent a Tribune into *Macedon*, to *Rubrius*, who was *Prætor* there; at whose Camp he no sooner arrived, but he was honoured with the Charge of one of the *Roman Legions*; where he endeared himself extreamly to the Soldiers, by always taking a part in what he commanded them; and by being in his Apparel, Diet, and Labour, more like a Common Soldier than their Officer: And when the time of his Service in the Army was expired, he received at his Departure not only the Prayers and Praises, but the Tears and Embraces of the Soldiers, who spread their Garments at his Feet, and kissed his Hands as he pass'd; which was an Honour very rarely shewn by the *Romans* to any of their *Generals*.

*Cato*, before he would return Home, resolving to travel over *Asia*, and observe the Customs and Strength of the several *Provinces*, was met by *Pompey* at *Ephesus*, who would not receive him sitting, but rose to Embrace and Welcome him as one of the noblest Persons of *Rome*, and said many Things in Commendation of his Virtue both in his Presence and after he was gone away: Thence proceeding to pay his Respects to Old *Deiotarus*, King of *Galatia*, he had the Offers of immense Presents from that Monarch, which he could neither be perswaded himself to receive, nor suffer a Distribution of them to be made amongst his Followers.

On his Return to *Rome*, he spent much time in Philosophical Arguments with *Athenodorus*, sometimes at his own House, and at other times in publick Disputations at the *Forum* to oblige his Friends: And when it came to his Turn to make suit for the *Questorship*, he would not be prevailed on to make his Applications, till he had fully informed himself in all the Ordinances belonging to the Duty and Authority of the Office: Thus instructed, he entered on this first Step to Civil Preferment, and discharg'd his Trust with such Ability and deserv'd Applause, that 'twas universally said, *Cato had made the Office of a Questor equal to the Dignity of a Consul.*

*Cato*, after he had laid down his Power, yet did not throw off his Care of the *Treasury*, but at the Expence of five *Talents*, had the Books containing Accounts of the Revenues, from *Sylla's* time to his own, transcrib'd for him, and kept the same always by him: Nay, so diligent and industrious was he for the Good of the Common-wealth, that he was generally observed to be the *first Man* who came to, and the *last* who retired from the *Senate House*.

Being now in the One and Thirtieth Year of his Age, he was solicited by his Friends to stand for a *Tribuneship of the People*; which he obstinately declined, till he found *Metellus Nepos* was pushing for that Office, who was an Instrument employ'd by *Pompey* to get a *Decree* to pass in the *Senate*, that that General should presently be call'd into *Italy* with all his Forces for the Preservation of the *City*. *Cato*, who was apprised of the Measures this rash Agent meant to take, thought it was no time of Retirement for him; but that he must go and prevent *Metellus* in his Designs, or bravely die in Defence of his *Country's Liberty*: He was back'd with the Interest of Persons of the best Quality, who perceived that he expos'd himself to this dangerous Honour only for the Service of *Rome*, and was declared one of the *Tribunes*.

The beginning of this Year (which was the 690th from the Building of the *City*) threatn'd *Rome* with the most dangerous Conspiracy that ever was formed against it, to wit, that of *Cataline* and his profligate Accomplices: In the detecting of which most horrid Combination, our *Cato* was not only Serviceable to  
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the Consul Cicero, but when detected, the principal Instrument and Promoter of the Malefactor's Punishments : For when this Subject came under the Debate of the Senate, Julius Cæsar (who with Marcus Crassus was suspected as private Abettors of Cataline's Conspiracy) in a plausible and elegant Oration persuaded Mercy, and disapprov'd that the Criminals should die : He told the Senators, " That in Affairs of Moment, where Men " are ask'd their Sentence, they ought to be free from the Influ- " ences of Passion, for that the Mind must err in its Judgment " which was either prejudiced by Hate or Anger, or byass'd by " Affection or Pity : That the foul Fact of the Conspirators " should not weigh more with the Senate than their own Dig- " nity, or they be more Indulgent to their Resentments than " to their Honour : That if Punishments could be found to e- " qual the Crimes of the Conspirators, he should Approve the ut- " most Severities ; but if the Greatness of their Guilt exceeded " all Invention, he thought it fit they should so proceed, as their " Laws in such Cases provided : That no Sentence could be Cruel " against such Delinquents, but that it was contrary to their " form of Government, since to a Citizen of Rome, offending, " their Laws decreed Banishment, and not Death : That Syl- " lanus (the designed Consul, and who spoke before Cæsar) could " not advise Execution, for fear of the Traytors, when the " Diligence of the worthy Cicero had by a timely Discovery " prevented Danger ; and if he meant it for a Punishment, " Cæsar thought Death was the End of Evils, and rather a " Release from Pain, than a Torment ; as it dissolved all " Grievs, and beyond it were neither Care nor Joy. That there- " fore his Opinion was, that the Criminals should have their " Estates confiscated to the publick Treasury, and their Per- " sons confined in the Free Towns distant from Rome, and di- " vided from each other ; that they should have no Privilege " of Appealing either to the Senate or People, in order to have " their Doom reversed or mitigated, and that whoever should " presume to move it, the Senate should determine of them as " Enemies to the Peace and Safety of the Roman State.

When Cæsar had harangued the House in a long Oration to this Effect, won over Syllanus to a more candid Interpretation

of his Sentence, and inclined the Majority of the *Senators* to Votes of Clemency : *Cato* with much Warmth rose up and reply'd to *Cæsar's* Arguments. " Declared his own Sentence was far different from the preceding One; that they disputed on the Kinds of Punishments, and sate consulting what they should decree against those, of whom they rather should be ware : That such a Conspiracy was not like those Common Facts, which the *Laws* may Prosecute when they are Committed; but that if it was not provided against and prevented ere it happen'd, it would be too late to animadvert upon it when it happen'd; but when a City was taken, the vanquished Party had no Redress left : That they were not debating now on the Subject of Tribute and Customs, or the Injuries of their Allies, but on no less important a Theme than the hazard of their Lives and Liberties : That he had often been heard there, complaining either of the Licentiousness or Avarice of his Fellow-Citizens; and had procured himself many Enemies thereby; for that as he could not indulge himself in the committing of any Enormities, so he did not easily pardon a vicious Liberty in others; which seasonable Invectives of his, if they had Slighted, it was because Plenty and Prosperity made 'em Negligent; but now it was not the Case in Dispute, whether their Lives and Manners were conformable to the Rules of Honour, or how the Empire might be Enlarg'd; but whether their Properties should continue their own, or become the Spoil of Invaders : That they had now even forgot the True Names of Things : That to give away Another's Effects, was esteem'd Liberality, and an Hardiness in Ill Actions, was term'd Fortitude; to such a low Ebb of Virtue was the Common-Wealth reduc'd : That *Caius Cæsar* had with a great deal of Elegance and Subtilty discours'd of Life and Death, as if he thought those Things a Fable, which were deliver'd them of Hell and Furies; and of ill Men going separate from Good to dismal Places appointed for them : That therefore *Cæsar* would have the *Paricides* live, but far from Rome, and imprison'd in the small Free Towns, least there they might have Rescue. As if Men fit for such Attempts, were

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“ only to be found in the City, and not dispers’d throughout  
 “ Italy ? or that their audacious Proceedings would not have  
 “ most Scope, where they found least Resistance ? That Cæsar’s  
 “ Counsel was vain if he thought them dangerous ; which if  
 “ he did not, but alone remain’d unfrighted, where all others  
 “ were terrified, it should give Cato and the Senate cause  
 “ more to fear him : That the Fathers look’d about one at  
 “ another, doubting what to do ; with Faces, as they trusted  
 “ to the Gods to save them ; but that they are not Wishes  
 “ and womanish Prayers can draw the Immortal’s Aid ; but  
 “ Vigilance, Counsel, Action, which they never forsake :  
 “ That they had the Traytors in their Houses, yet stood fear-  
 “ ing what to do with them : He thought, if they were so  
 “ inclin’d to Softness, they should e’en let the Conspirators  
 “ loose and furnish ’em with Arms ; that their Mercy might  
 “ become their Ruin ! That as their Crimes had already been  
 “ qualified by some, who pleaded, that they were great Men  
 “ and had offended but through Ambition : He thought also,  
 “ the Senate ought to be tender of the Honour of the Crimi-  
 “ nals, if they themselves had ever been tender of their  
 “ own Honour, or Fame, or Modesty, or the Gods, or Men ;  
 “ but that as Things then stood, Necessity and the Preserva-  
 “ tion of the City call’d aloud for speedy Punishment which  
 “ ought to be inflicted, (More Majorum,) according to  
 “ the Precedents their Ancestors had set them. This Speech  
 of Cato, delivered and received with all the Authority of so  
 Great a Man, turn’d the House again, and it was decreed the  
 Conspirators should be put to Death. I doubt not but the  
 Readers will Pardon me for transcribing the Orator’s Sentiments  
 so fully, since therein is seen the *Strength* of his Reasoning and  
*Austerity* of his Manners ; since therein are painted the most  
*lively Strokes* of his Temper, and the *true Image* of his honest Mind.

Soon as the Traitors were disposed of at home, and Cataline  
 defeated by *Petreius* abroad, and that *Rome* began to recover  
 its self from the Apprehensions of such Imminent Danger : Cato  
 made use of the Authority of his *Tribuneship* to confirm the  
 Security of the City, and prevent the pernicious Effects of *Me-*

*tellus's* Designs, in calling *Pompey* home with an Army, which he was sure would Strike at the *Liberty* of his Country, and Invest the Absolute Power of the State in that Victorious and Experienc'd General; wherefore after a warm Debate with *Metellus* in the *Senate* on that Head, he concluded boldly, *That while he liv'd, Pompey should never come arm'd into the City.* But tho' *Cato* set all his Power against the Interests of *Pompey*, and stood up for the Maintaining the Laws, and Defending the Properties of *Rome*, yet Force prevailed over his honest but impotent Opposition, and the City embroil'd with continual Heats and Factions, lay expos'd to the wicked Designs of those Ambitious Citizens, who were forming Combinations against her *Liberty*: Yet however the Party of *Tyranny* strengthened it self, *Cato's* undaunted Spirit resisted their Proceedings even to the hazard of his Life, being one time paulted with Sticks and Stones by the Faction, and afterwards imprisoned by *Cæsar*; but the Groans of the *Senate*, and the Universal Sadness of the People made *Cæsar* ashamed of the Action; and he privately sent one of the *Tribunes* to take *Cato* out of the *Prison*. So zealously did this worthy Patriot labour to Prop the Ruins of his sinking City, and divert that Slavery which now like a Deluge began to overflow and swallow up all the Rights and very *Being* of a Free State: for *Rome* had tasted but four Years Respite from *Cataline's* Invasion, when *Cæsar*, *Pompey*, and *Crassus* entred into a firm but fatal Combination, ratify'd with mutual Oaths and Promises, *That nothing should be done in the Common-wealth against any of their Interests or Approbations.* But this Union, which they Disguis'd under the Name of Friendship, was in Effect no other thing than each Man's *Private Ambition*; and the Consequences prov'd, that as this League, according to the Opinion of *Cato*, struck at the *Foundations* of the *Roman Liberty*, so their Proceedings were but *Preludes* to a *Civil War*.

Now was *Rome* either Aw'd or Debauch'd to a Compliance with these powerful *Triumvirs*; Offices, Provinces, and Governments were Engrossed between them; and each to heighten his own Power, contributed to strengthen and establish the Interests of his two Associates. *Cato*, when a Law was Propos'd,

pos'd, concerning the *Provinces* and *Legions* for *Cæsar*, apply'd to *Pompey*, and told him, *He did not consider now that he took Cæsar upon his own Shoulders, who would shortly grow too weighty for him: and at length, when he would neither be able to lay down the Burthen, nor yet to bear it any longer, he would fall with it upon the Common-wealth; and then he would remember Cato's Advice, which was no less Advantageous to Pompey than it was just and honest in it self.*

While thus for near eight Years all Matters were carried in the Common-wealth by the concerted Artifice and Grandeur of three Men, and even the meanest *Elections* in the *Civil Power* obtained with Canvassing and Intreague, with Struglings and Hostilities, *Crassus* at length was cut off, with a mighty Slaughter of his Forces, in the *Parthian Wars*; and the Death of this *Triumvir*, who, while he liv'd, was as a Check upon the other two, left them now an open Field for their Ambition and Emulation to work in: 'Twas now *Cæsar* and *Pompey* began to grow Jealous of each others Growth and Designs, and *Cæsar's* Exploits and Victories over the fierce *Gauls* and *Germans*, made his Conquests formidable to *Rome*: *Cæsar's* Immense Riches made *Pompey* very uneasie, says *Lucius Florus*, and *Pompey's* Dignity was a check to *Cæsar*. The one could not bear an Equal, the other a Superior; and they both laboured for the Mastery, as if so great an Empire could not satisfie the Ambition of Two such *Grandees* at once. When News was brought that *Cæsar* had pass'd the *Rubicon*, taken *Ariminum*, and was coming on with his Army towards *Rome*; *Pompey* and all Men cast their Eyes on *Cato*, who had alone foreseen *Cæsar's* Intentions: *Cato* then told them, *If you had believed me, or regarded my Advice, you would not now have been reduced to stand in fear of one Man, nor yet to put all your Hopes in one Man.* *Pompey* too late confessed, that *Cato* indeed had spoke most like a *Prophet*, and that himself had acted too much like a *Friend* to *Cæsar*. Tumults and Dissentions daily encreas'd in *Rome*, and the *City* was fill'd with Murthers and Quarrels; *Pompey* was look'd upon as the fittest Person to redress all, and *Cato* advised the *Senate* to put all into his Hands, saying, *That those who could raise up great Evils, could best*

best allay them; and thereupon *Marcellus* the Consul took a Sword, which he carried publickly to *Pompey*, accosting him in these Terms, *I Command you in the Name of the Senate, that you Assist the Republick with the Troops now under your Command, and speedily Levy more.* *Pompey*, finding he had not sufficient Forces, and that those he could Raise were not very Resolute, forsook the City; and *Cato* followed him.

For tho' he had an equal Aversion for the Heads of both Parties, as being jealous, where-ever the Fate of the Civil War confer'd the Conquest, the Victor would be likely to invade the Republick; yet being the greatest *Affector* of *Liberty* the *Roman* State had now left, and *Pompey* being invested with a Command by the *Senate* in Defence of the City, *Cato* embark'd with him; *thinking it the highest Dishonour, says Lucan, to live in Ease and Security while his Labouring Country was in Danger; and professing that he would stick by Rome and her Cause to its last Gasps, as a Parent follows the Corpse of a Deceas'd Child.* And from the Time of the Civil War's breaking out, 'tis said he never trim'd his Hair or shaved his Beard, never wore a Garland, or was seen to smile, but shew'd a constant Sadness, Grief, and Dejection in his Looks and Gesture for the Calamities of his Country, and he continually bore the same Habit to the last, which-ever Party had Misfortune or Success. No body that reads the Eloquent Description of this Great Man's Behaviour in *Lucan*, can be sufficiently enamour'd of his Virtues, or sufficiently admire him who was engaged in a War, yet not prompted to Action by any private Piques, or byas'd by a Favourite-Faction; but living up to the rigid Precepts of his Philosophy, labouring to know himself, and grieving for the Calamities of his Fellow-Creatures. To find him believing that he owed his Life to his Country, and that he was not born for himself but the Publick: To behold his Temperance, that accounted every thing a Banquet that but appeas'd his Hunger, every House a Palace that secured him from the Inclemencies of Weather, and every Vesture a Robe of State that was Proof against the Inconveniences of Cold and Rain; that thought the Increase of Kind, was the chief End of Marriage; that was a Father and Husband to his City, a Courter of Justice, and  
Main.

Maintainer of severe Honesty; good to All, and in All; and one that never let Pleasure and Levity creep into the uninterrupted Series of his Nobler and more Elevated Actions.

*Cicero* for some Time stood Neuter in this War; and when at last he came to find *Pompey* in his Camp, *Cato* remonstrated to him, *That he ought to have preserved the Neutrality, which he at first made Profession of; and that the Inconstancy of his Proceeding was unworthy of a Man who was so well acquainted with the Maxims of true Philosophy: Cicero* was so confounded with the Authority of this Reprimand, that he took the first Opportunity of Retiring, and never came up to the *Battel of Pharsalia*. *Cato* had the Government of *Sicily* allotted to him, and pass'd over to *Syracuse*: And when Advice was brought him of *Pompey's* unhappy Conduct, and quitting of *Italy*, he broke out into this pathetick Exclamation, *How dark and uncertain is the Will of Heaven! Pompey, when he did nothing wisely nor honestly, was always successful, and now that he would preserve his Country, and defend her Liberty, he is altogether unfortunate.* He counsell'd *Pompey* to delay the War to a Treaty, and no way hazard an utter Overthrow: His gentle Laws, that no *Roman City* should be sack'd, nor *Citizen* kill'd in cold Blood, won *Pompey* all *Italy*, and his Courtesie at *Rhodes*, all *Asia*.

When *Pompey* had obtained a signal Advantage over *Cæsar's* Men, in a Conflict at *Dyrrachium*, and all were rejoic'd, and magnified the Success, *Cato* bewail'd his Country, and curs'd that Fatal Ambition, which made so many brave *Romans* murder one another. For as he walk'd over the Field of Battel, on which he saw so many Citizens of *Rome* lie dead; notwithstanding they had fought in the Army of the Enemy, he cover'd his Face and wept.

When *Pompey* followed *Cæsar* into *Thessaly*, he durst not Trust *Cato* with the Command at Sea; because he knew he fought not against one *Tyrant*, but against *Tyranny* it self; that if he succeeded not, *Cato* would be faithful to his Misfortunes; but if he conquer'd, then *Cato* would be too faithful to the Interest of the *Republick*.

After the *Pharsalian* Defeat, *Cato* went into the *Island of Corsira*,

*Corfira*, where he found *Cicero* who had not been in the Battel; and many *Senators* who had escaped thither from it, amongst whom was the *Eldest Son of Pompey*. *Cato*, who always was for governing himself according to the Prescription of the Law, offered the Command of his Forces to *Cicero*, who had been Consul; but he refusing the Charge, incens'd *Pompey's* Son and all the young Gentlemen of his Party to such a Degree, that drawing their Swords upon him, they call'd him Traytor; and had not *Cato's* Authority interpos'd to appease their Anger, they had certainly slain him: *Cicero* escapes immediately to *Brundisium*, excuses the Choice he had made of an Unfortunate Party, and reconciles himself to *Cæsar*: But *Cato*, understanding that *Pompey* was fled towards *Egypt*, resolved to hasten after him; and having taken all his Men aboard set sail; but first to those that were not willing to accompany him, he gave free Liberty to depart. Coming to the Coast of *Africk*, they met with *Sextus Pompey's* Younger Son, who brought them the melancholy Account of his Father's Murther in *Egypt*: The Soldiers were all excessively griev'd for the Loss of their admir'd *General*, and unanimously declared, that after *Pompey* they would follow no other Leader but *Cato*: *Cato*, in Compassion to the worth of Persons, who had given many Testimonies of their Fidelity, and whom he would not leave in a Desert Country, amidst so many Difficulties, took upon him the Command of the Forces, which amounted to the Number of near ten thousand Men; and march'd towards the City of *Cyrene*, which presently received him: And here he design'd to have Winter'd; but being inform'd that *Scipio* (*Pompey's* Father-in-Law) was received by King *Juba*, and that *Appius Varus*, whom *Pompey* had left Governor of *Lybia*, had joyned them with his Forces, *Cato* resolved to march towards them by Land. From *Cyrene* therefore he goes forward towards the Desarts of *Lybia*; after having furnished himself with Provisions, and got together a great many Asses to carry Water, and also some of those sort of Men, who by Sucking cure the Wounds made by the Bites of Serpents, which very much abound in those Desarts: They journied on for seven Days together; and here the Constancy of *Cato* is



not a little to be admired, who marched always on Foot at the Head of his Troops; always drinking the last, nor that neither, till all the rest of his Army had undergone the extreamest Thirst, and were running to quench it at the Wells which they found in those Desarts *Lucan* tells us, That when their Stock of Water was spent, and excessive Thirst grew upon them from the dry Winds, and raging Heat of the Sun, so that they even fainted with Drought; a small Spring was discover'd trickling amidst the parch'd Sand by one of the Soldiers, who with a glad and greedy haste took off his brazen Helmet, and scooping up some of the Water mix'd with Sand, ran and presented it to his General: But *Cato*, instead of receiving it, with an Aspect of severe Constancy, ask'd him, If he thought *Cato* the only Man in all the Army that wanted Virtue to encounter Toil, or was so soft and effeminate as to sink under the Fatigue of a little Heat and Thirst; at this he dash'd the Helmet from him, and would not so much as wet his Lips, till every Man had drank of the Water to Satisfaction. And ever after the *Battel* of *Pharsalia* he used to sit at Table, and added this to his other Ways of Mourning that he never lay down (as it was the Custom of the *Romans*) but to Sleep. And it was further observ'd of him, that he never mentioned *Pharsalia* without Tears. At last he arrived at *Scipio* and *Juba's* Camp, where the Insolence of that *King* of the *Barbarians* was very disgustful to him, and where the Affairs of *Scipio* and *Varus* went very ill, by reason of their Dissentions and Quarrels among themselves, and their Submissions and Flatteries to *King Juba*: But *Cato* in his Wisdom found means to pull down the haughty Spirit of that *Monarch*, and reconcile him and the *Generals* to one another.

All the Army were ambitious of having *Cato* to be their Leader; and *Scipio* and *Varus* giving Way to the Soldiers Desires, offer'd him the Command: But *Cato* declined it absolutely, saying, *He would not infringe those Laws, for the Defence whereof he had involv'd himself in Civil War, that he being but Pro-prætor ought not to Command in the Presence of a Pro-consul; besides that, the People would take it as a good O-*

*men to see a Scipio Command in Africk, and that the very Name would give Courage to the Soldiers.*

*Scipio then taking upon him the Command of the Army, resolv'd to put the Inhabitants of Utica to the Sword, and to raze the City, for having taken part with Cæsar; but Cato exclaim'd and protested against this cruel Method of Proceeding, notwithstanding it was call'd an Hostile Reprisal, and with much difficulty delivered that City, of which he afterwards took upon himself the Government, least it should fall into Cæsar's Hands.*

*Cato knowing it was a strong Place, and would be of great Consequence to either Party, improved the Fortifications, brought in great Stores of Corn, repaired the Walls, erected Towers, and made deep Trenches and Outworks round the Town; and was so Indulgent to the Inhabitants, that he took care no Injury should be done, nor Affront offer'd them by the Romans: Cato, who from this City sent great Quantities of Arms to the Camp, with much Tenderneſs adviſed Scipio, By no means to hazard a Battel with Cæſar, who was a Man not only experienc'd in War, but encourag'd with his Succeſſes; that it would be better to tire him out with Delays, and as his Paſſions cool'd his Strength would leſſen: Scipio, whoſe Raſhneſs would miſconſtrue Cato's Cautions for Cowardice, retorted, That as Cato was ſafe himſelf within Trenches, ſo he ought not to hinder them from making uſe of their Courage when Occaſion offer'd: This ungrateful Reply of Scipio's made Cato repent he had yielded the Command of the Forces to him, and he told his Friends, That if contrary to his Expectations Cæſar ſhould be o'erthrown, for his part he would not ſtay at Rome, but retire from the Cruelty and Inhumanity of Scipio, who had already given out fierce and proud Threats againſt many.*

And here permit me, for a while, to leave our Hero employed in the ſtrict Care of his Government, making the City a Magazine for the Camp, ſtudyiſg the beſt Arts of Defence all Day, and groaning for the Miſeries of his Country by Night; while I take a View of Cæſar's Meaſures after his

*Phar-*



*Pharsalian Conquest*, and the Celerity and Greatness of those Successes that forced *Cato* to have recourse to Death, *Nè Tyrannum Videret*; least those holy Eyes, which could be only bless'd with Scenes of *Roman Liberty*, should be blasted with the Sight of *Rome's Inslaver*.

*Cæsar*, who had made this Remark on *Pompey's* Conduct at *Dyrrachium*, that he had been lost without redress could *Pompey* have known how to have made use of the Victory, took care not to slip into the same Error himself upon *Pompey's* Overthrow, but cry'd out to his Soldiers, *That they ought to pursue their Advantage, make themselves Masters of the Enemies Camp, and not amuse themselves with the Plunder, but compleat the Conquest.* *Pompey*, whose Forces were entirely cut off, or surrendered to the Victor, accompanied with a small Number of Friends, retired from *Larissa* to the Sea-side, and was reduced to seek for a Retreat in a poor Fisherman's Cabbin. *Cæsar*, who made a close Pursuit, obliged *Pompey* to go on Board a small Bark, who was so infatuated with his Misfortune that he could not think of laying hold of those Advantages which he had by Sea, where he had a Powerful and Victorious Army; but hearing that *Cæsar* was upon his March, he stay'd for no Body, but set Sail towards *Lesbos*: After many Deliberations with his Friends, he resolv'd to retire into *Egypt*, where the Young King *Ptolomy's* Council advise, *that they ought to invite him to shore and kill him; as the sure means to obtain Cæsar's Friendship, and never hereafter to be afraid of Pompey.* Thus this great Man lost his Life miserably by the Instigation and Hands of three or four Villains. *Cæsar*, who knew all his Enemies Hopes were wrapped up in the Person of *Pompey*, with his usual Diligence embarks his Forces, soon lands at *Alexandria*, where he was entertain'd with the News of *Pompey's* Death, and presented with his Head: The mournful Spectacle drew Tears from his Eyes, and perswaded him to revenge *Pompey's* Death. *Cæsar*, who found fresh Marks every Day of the *Egyptians* untoward Intentions to him from the Insolence of the King's Eunuchs, was provok'd to take his Revenge; and being likewise caught

by the Charms of *Cleopatra*, declared, *That he being the first Magistrate of Rome, was resolved to enquire into the Difference between the King and his Sister*: Not to trace the Grounds of these Proceedings, which are obvious to all Knowers of the *Roman History*, let it suffice, that a short War ensued: *Cæsar* with the Assistance of *Mithridates* of *Pergama* defeated the *Egyptians*, and establish'd *Cleopatra* Queen of *Egypt* jointly with her younger Brother *Ptolemy*: Thus every where Victorious, *Cæsar* departed with his Sixth Legion from *Egypt* to go into *Syria*; But that Province being at Peace, he leaves his Kinsman *Sextus Cæsar* there with one Legion, embarks for *Cilicia*, pursues *Pharnaces* to *Cappadocia*, and overthrows him at *Ziela*, a City of *Pontus*, with a great Slaughter. Thence, giving some necessary Orders to the Neighbouring Provinces, he embarks and goes into *Italy* with a Diligence that put all the World in Admiration. *Cæsar* made but a short Stay at *Rome*, received many of *Pompey's* Party, who came to meet him, with wonderful Moderation; appeased the Mutinous Insolence of the Tenth Legion; re-established Quiet in the City, and leaving *Mark Antony* to Command there, march'd by great Journies into *Sicily*; and thence, even when the Winds were contrary, set Sail for *Afric*, so Impatient was he to root up the last Reliques of the *Civil War*. *Scipio* and *Juba* were Entrench'd in two several Camps near the City of *Thapsus*, whither *Cæsar* March'd directly to attack them, and after a bloody Engagement totally overthrew their Powers, and obliged *Scipio* to fall on his own Sword, and *Juba* to seek a Death from the Hand of one of his Slaves: For tho' *Petreius* and *Juba*, after a splendid Entertainment, ran on each others Swords, yet only *Petreius* died on the Spot; and *Juba* was forc'd to have the Assistance of another Arm to finish that Work, which *Petreius's* Sword had imperfectly begun. This King left a Son of his own Name, who was carried to *Rome* to adorn *Cæsar's* Triumph; and having a Princely Education in that City, came afterwards to be so gallant and popular a Man, that *Augustus Cæsar* gave him back part of his Father's Kingdom, and married him to young *Cleopatra*, who

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was the Daughter to *Mark Anthony*. He was so versed in polite Literature, and more particularly in History, that *Plutarch* calls him the Happiest of Captives, Since, says he, from a barbarous *Numidian*, he came by this means to be reckon'd amongst the most learned Historians of all *Greece*! The Consequences of this Battel were so great, that all that Part of *Africk* submitted to *Cæsar*, except the City of *Utica*; the Reduction whereof was the only Task now remained for his Arms, and the Attempt whereof naturally brings me back to *Cato's* Story.

It was not long before *Cato* was inform'd of *Scipio's* Defeat, by some of the Cavalry that had escaped the dreadful Slaughter, and who offer'd him their Service, if he would retreat with them from the hot Pursuit of the Enemy; but *Cato* then told them, he design'd to hold out the Siege of *Utica*. But the Faintness and Irresolution of the Townsmen, who were aw'd with the Apprehensions of *Cæsar's* vast Fortune, made him forego that Resolution; and he in vain attempted to pacifie their Frights, by telling them, *That Scipio's Loss was nothing near so great as it was represented, and that it was common to have Disasters enlarged by Report, which generally listen'd to Fear more than Truth.* *Cato* had establish'd a kind of *Senate* in *Utica*, which he had compos'd of 300 *Romans* of good Quality; these Gentlemen he summon'd upon this threatening Juncture, and address'd himself to them with a wonderful Calmness and Resolution, in the following Manner: He advis'd 'em principally neither to divide their Numbers nor Counsels; for that while they continued their Union, *Cæsar* would be afraid of their Opposition, and would the sooner pardon them, if they were reduc'd to the Misfortune of submitting themselves to his Mercy: Begg'd them to fix on what Measures they meant to take, and that for his part he should not mislike whatever they determin'd; that if they were intirely dishearten'd by the ill Success of their Cause, he would impute their Change to the Necessity of the Times; but if they had Resolutions to brave Misfortunes, and Lives to hazard in the Defence of Liberty, he should stand in Admiration of their noble

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*Courage, and would be himself their Captain and Companion, to push the Fortune of their Cause and Country to the uttermost.* Much more he said to them in the most animating Terms that the Hope of prevailing and hearty Sincerity of his Soul for the Interest of *Rome* could dictate: And while he was present, his Auditors were fill'd with a Noble Fire, that seem'd to inspire them to the Daring even of Impossibilities; but that Courageous Heat soon relax'd, and gave Way to the viler Counsels of preserving their Persons with their Effects. *Cato* at length finding his Authority was too weak to subdue their Cowardice, after having quell'd several Tumults and Mutinies in the City, chang'd his Thoughts of a Defence for others more agreeable to his Character, and those *Opinions of Philosophy* he had all along profess'd. News being brought that *Cesar* was in his March with all his Army towards *Utica*, he gave out his Orders with admirable Prudence and Resolution, and assisted many of his Friends to save themselves by Sea, others he advis'd to rely on *Cesar's* Goodness, and gave this Charge and Exhortation to his Children, never to intermeddle with the Affairs of the *Republick*, telling them, *the Corruptions of the Times would not permit them to act therein uprightly, as Cato's Sons ought; and that for them to grow servile Observers of the Time, they could not act like honest Men.*

At Night several of his particular Friends were at Supper with him, and amongst the rest some Philosophers: After Supper the Company fell into grave and learned Discourse, and it running mostly upon Philosophy, *Cato* advanced that *Stoical Maxim*, *That the Virtuous only were happy and free, but wicked Men always miserable and in Slavery*: *Demetrius* the *Peripatetick*, who made one of the Guests, would not easily allow this *Paradox*, and *Cato* defended the Subject with so much Warmth and Passion, that his Friends could not but suspect he had something more than ordinary in his Mind; and their Fears were increased by this Circumstance, that when *Lucius Cesar* had offer'd to fall on his Knees before his  *victorious Kinsman* to beg *Cato's* Life, *Cato* would not be brought to permit it, saying, *He would not owe his Life to the Power of a Tyrant.* Soon after *Cato* retir'd

to Bed, and embraced his Sons and the whole Company with such unusual Tendernefs, that their Suspicions were redoubled by it, and they caus'd his Sword to be privately convey'd away, which at other Times he was us'd to have by him.

He took up *Plato's* Discourse of the Immortality of the Soul, and having read a little while, look'd for his Sword; missing it he call'd for one of his Slaves, and without the least Disorder, bid him fetch it; but not being obey'd, he grew in Anger, and struck the Slave with such force that he hurt his own Hand, crying out, *He was betray'd, and should be deliver'd to the Enemy naked and unarmed.*

The Noise immediately brought his Son and Friends into the Chamber, on whom looking sternly, he ask'd them, *If they had observ'd him to have lost his common Sense? And why they did not try to perswade him by Reasons, without obliging him by Force to follow other Opinions than those he had already learnt? That a Man Resolv'd, had no need of the help of a Sword, nor could miss of a way to Death; but might stifle himself, or beat out his Brains against the Walls.* At this Discourse his Son wept, and left the Room; but the Friends and Philosophers staying behind, he renew'd his Discourse, and ask'd them, *If they were ordered to stay and gaze on him like Mutes, and wait upon him for his Guard; That if they had good Reasons to convince him, that having nothing else to rely on, it would not be unworthy of him to beg his Life of the Enemy; to make him renounce all those Maxims which he had hitherto maintain'd, why did they not proceed to their Proofs? If they were not thus prepared, he bid them be gone, and tell his Son, he ought not to think of perswading him by Force, to a Thing which he could not pretend to convince him of by Reason.*

After this the Company retir'd, and his Sword was restor'd to him; he examining the Point, and finding it for his Purpose, laid it by, saying, *Now I am Master of my self.* He betook him again to the same *Treatise of Plato*, and having read it over twice, fell into so profound a Sleep that he was heard into his *Anti-chamber*. About Midnight his Care and Tendernefs for his Friends Safety broke in upon the Sweet-

Sweetness of his Slumbers; and tho' sure to disappoint *Cæsar* of any Conquest over *Cato*, yet he could not dye with Pleasure while he thought he left his Friends in Danger; and therefore sent his Freedman *Butas* to the Port, to see if those that would embark themselves, were departed: *Butas*, coming back, told him, that every body was embarqu'd, but that the Sea was rough: Upon which he seem'd to shew an infinite Concern for his Friends that were on Board, and sent *Butas* again to see if any of them were not driven back by Strefs of Weather, and wanted his Assistance. He again fell into a short Slumber, till *Butas* return'd to tell him, the Sea was grown calm, and that no Noise was heard upon the Port. *Cato* dismiss'd him then with Thanks, and seem'd willing to compose himself again to Rest: A prodigious Instance of the Greatness of his Mind! For as *Montaigne* has curiously observ'd, The Knowledge we have of the Greatness of this Man's Courage by the rest of his Life, may warrant us securely to judge that his Indifference proceeded from a Soul so much elevated above such Accidents, that he disdain'd to let it take any more hold of his Fancy, than any other ordinary Adventure.

This almost incredible Tranquility of Spirit in *Cato*, did not a little ease the Fears of his Son and Friends, who now began to hope he was not altogether upon ill Terms with Life. He whose rigid Virue had never till now permitted himself to conceal his Sentiments or Intentions (as the Supplement to *Lucan* elegantly observes) disguis'd and mask'd the true Face of his stern Resolutions with this sedate and compos'd Behaviour, while

—*Talis cupit ipse videri*

*Civibus, ut qui non donatam à Cæsare vitam*

*Sperneret.*

he appear'd such as made every one believe, that he would not despise Life, tho' given him by *Cæsar*.



As soon as the Day appear'd, *Cato* snatch'd up his Sword, and thrust himself thro' the Breast; but the Hurt of his Hand had so weaken'd the Blow, that he did not Dye immediately; but, staggering, fell upon his Bed, and threw down a Table, on which he had drawn some Figures of *Geometry*; the Noise whereof made his Slaves rush in, who with their Cries alarm'd his Son and Friends.

They found him with his Bowels out of his Body, and were so confounded with their Grief, that they beheld him without being able to assist him: His Eyes were yet open, and his *Physician* laying him upon his Bed, put up his Bowels which were not hurt, and clos'd up the Wound. But *Cato*, recovering his Spirits, and transported with Fury, thrust back the *Physician*, rent open the Wound, and tearing his Bowels expired before their Eyes.

Thus died this *great* Man in the eight and fortieth Year of his Age, and was honourably buried near the *Sea-side* by the *Uticans*; and there, in *Plutarch's* Time, was to be seen a Statue of him, which the Citizens had erected to his Memory, holding a drawn Sword in one Hand: *Utica* was presently surrendred to *Cæsar*, who being informed how *Cato* had slain himself, cry'd out, *That Cato had envied him the Glory of saving his Life; and it is for that Reason, says he, that I envy his Death.*

The famous *Brutus* (who married *Cato's* Daughter *Portia*, and who fell on his own Sword after the Battel of *Philippi*) in some of his Writings condemn'd the Death of *Cato*; and maintain'd, that that Manner of avoiding such Disgraces as Providence sends upon us, was an unjustifiable Attempt against the Power of Heaven, and wicked in the Eyes of Men. But *Cicero* alledg'd, that the Differences of Nature and Temper are of so strong Regard in these Cases, that sometimes One is under a Necessity of killing himself, when Another, in the same Circumstances, cannot be allowed the same Priviledge of Dying. For *M. Cato* (says he) was on the same Foot with all those that surrendred themselves to *Cæsar* in *Africk*; but they would have been perhaps reproached with Fear, if they had

attempted against their Lives; because their Actions were of less Moment, and their Manners more tractable and fickle: But *Cato*, to whom Nature had given an incredible Severity of Soul, and who had confirm'd it all a-long by an unshaken Constancy, and kept up to the Tenor of his Designs and Principles, was oblig'd to dye, rather than live to look Tyranny in the Face.

The Son of *Cato* (notwithstanding he had given way to an irregular Amour in the Heat of Youth) inherited a great Portion of his Father's Soul, and dy'd with a World of Glory in the Battel of *Philippi*: For when *Brutus's* Wing was broken by *Octavius Cæsar's* Troops; and young *Cato*, who commanded under *Brutus*, saw that all must then inevitably be lost, he ran into the thickest of the Enemies Battalions, and uttering aloud his own Name and his Father's, was slain amidst an Heap of Foes that had fallen beneath his furious Resistance.

*Africk* being entirely brought into Subjection, *Cæsar* returned to *Rome*, to Triumph for all his Victories; the Solemnity whereof was continued for four successive Days. In the Triumph of the last Day were carried the Descriptions of the Deaths of *Scipio*, *Petereius*, and *Cato*: But the People no sooner perceiv'd that the Victor took a Pride in Insulting over this Misfortunes of that brave Man, (he being represented in the Pageant tearing his own Bowels) than their Joys were turn'd into Sorrow, and their Esteem for *Cæsar* sunk into an Hatred of his Barbarity. I shall not presume to inforce this Passage by any other Description of that Scene of Horror; than what *Mr. Pope* has in his Excellent Prologue to *Cato* given the Town, in these Beautiful and Pathetick Terms; which have already receiv'd a general Approbation in the Theatre, and now are Acted over in all Assemblies of Wit and Judgment:

*Ev'n when Proud Cæsar, midst Triumphal Cars,  
The Spoils of Nations, and the Pomp of Wars;*

*Ignobly*



*Ignobly Vain, and Impotently Great,  
 Shew'd Rome her Cato's Figure drawn in State;  
 As her dead Father's Rev'rend Image past,  
 The Pomp was darken'd, and the Day o'ercast,  
 The Triumph ceas'd—Tears gush'd from every Eye;  
 The World's great Victor past unheeded by;  
 Her last good Man dejected Rome ador'd,  
 And honour'd Cæsar's less than Cato's Sword.*

I had a design of ending all with the Panegyrick on *Cato*, which *Salust* has drawn up in a Parallel of his and *Cæsar's* Characters; but as the admir'd Mr. *Steel* has agreeably forestall'd Me in this Point, so 'tis fit I refer my Readers to his Paraphrase thereon in his *Christian Heroes*.

The greatest Poets and Writers, (even those who Flourish'd under the most Tyrannick Princes of *Rome*) have been profuse in their Praises of *Cato*. *Lucan* and *Seneca*, the Contemporaries of *Nero*, have scatter'd their Encomiums of him, throughout their Works: And *Virgil*, in the *Augustan* Age, has express'd so great a Reverence for this great Patriot's Memory in his *Æneis*, that he has given him a Pre-eminence over the Happy Heroes in *Elizium*; and painted him sitting in Judgment there:

*Secretosque Pios, his dantem jura Catonem.*

Tho' *Cerdanus*, and some others, who would turn the Poet's Gravity into Detraction, say, That he meant it as a Jeer upon *Cato*, as being the Enemy of *Julius Cæsar*. I might likewise mention *Juvenal*, and several other Poets both Ancient and Modern; but must not omit that *Horace*, who liv'd under the Emperor that reign'd by means of *Cato's* Overthrow, has celebrated this great Man more than once. There is no question, but several Writers have endeavour'd to bring upon the Stage the Character of a Person so Illustrious for his Virtues and his Sufferings; but whether it be that they could not raise themselves up to proper Sentiments,

or that they could not accompany *Cato* with other Persons that should shine equally in their respective Parts, or that they were not able to form a Plot out of those Incidents which the Historians have related of his Death, without giving a different Turn to the principal Action; or lastly, that they did not know how to draw this great Man in proper Colours, without making him speak something derogatory to Monarchy, we have no Play among the Moderns built upon this Subject; tho' we are informed by *Vossius*, that there was a *Latin* Tragedy among the Ancients, under the Title of *Cato of Utica*; but there is no Fragment of it left.

I shall Conclude the whole with the Perfection of *Cato's* Praise from *Montaigne*, in few Words, ' That he was in truth a Pattern, which Nature chose out to shew to what height Human Virtue and Constancy could arrive.

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*F I N I S.*



